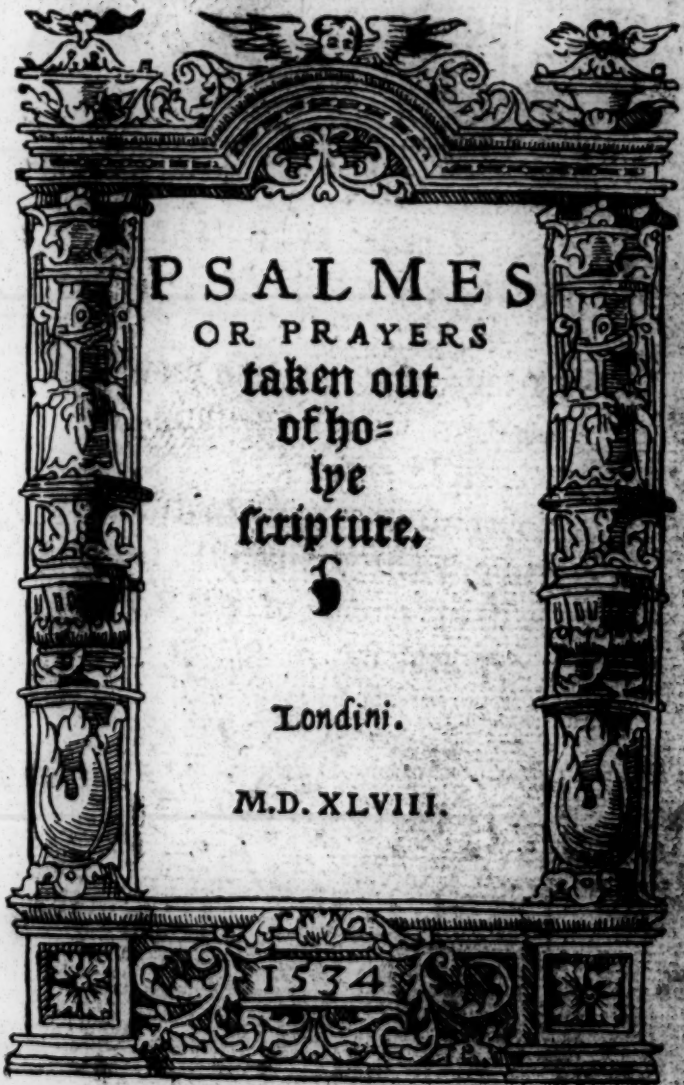
PSALMES
OR PRAYERS
taken out
of ho=
lye
scripture.

Londini.

M.D. XLVIII.



Bible - Selections [English]

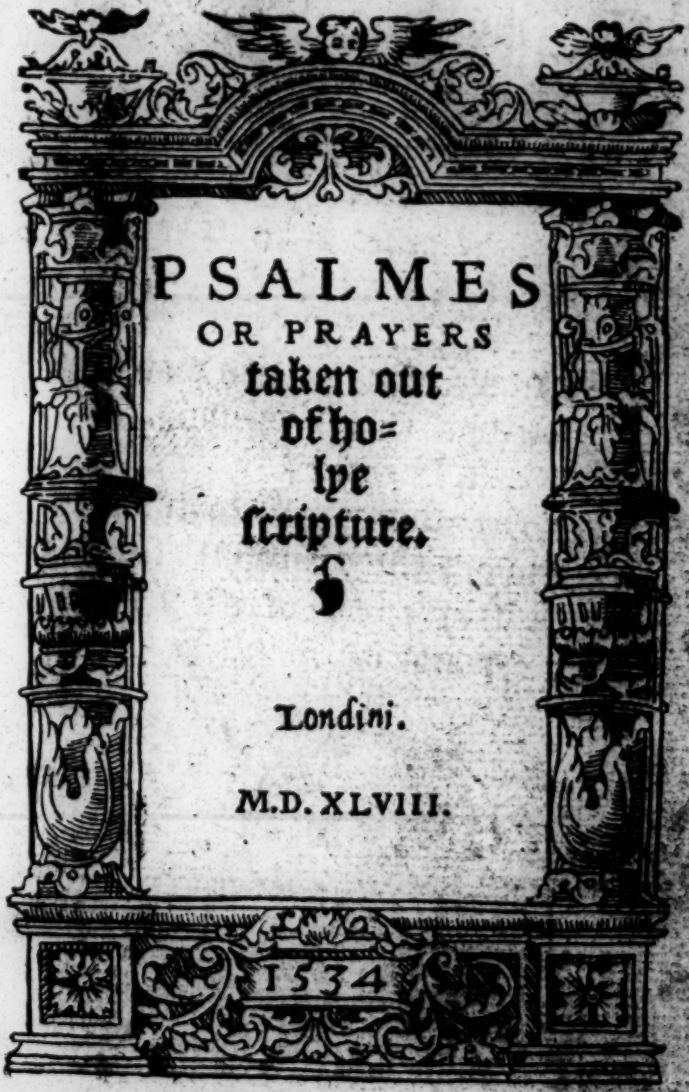
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PSALMES
OR PRAYERS
taken out
of ho=
lye
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Londini.

M.D. XLVIII.



Psalmo. 101.

The lorde turneth hym vnto the praier of the poore destitute, and despiseth not their praier.

Colloss. 4.

Continue in praier, and watche in the same, with thankes geuyng.

1. Thessal. 5.

Reioyce alwaie, praie continually, in all thynges be thankfull: for this is the will of GOD in CHRISTE IESV towarde vs.



¶ The fyrst Psalme.
For the obteynyng remissi-on of synnes.



LORDE OF lordes, God all-myghty, greatte and dreadefulle, whyche by thy worde haste made heauen, earthe, the sea, and all thynges conteyned in them.

Nothynge is able to resist thy power, thy mercye is ouer all thy workes.

All thynges be vnder thy dominion and rule: both man and beast, and al liuyng creatures.

Thou arte merciful to whome thou wilt: and hast compassion on whom it pleaseth the.

Thy counsaile shall stand for euer: & what so euer thou wilt shall be done.

Power, dominion, and glorie is thine: whiche arte aboue all thynges, and in all thinges, and in vs all.

Thou arte father of mercies, and god of all grace, peace, and comforte: whiche wilte not the death of a synner, nor deliteſt in the damnacion of soules.

O lorde god, whiche art riche in mercie, and of thine especiall loue towardes vs, euen whan we were thine enemies by sinne, diddeſt sēd into the world thine only begottē son Jesus Christ: that who so euer beleueth duely in hym, shall not perishe, but haue euerlasting life.

Haue

Haue mercie vppon me, haue mercie vppon me, accordyng to thy great mercie.

And accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies, put awaye myne offences.

O god moste holy, washe me from my wickednes, and make me clene frō mine vncleannesse.

For I acknowledge (O lorde) mine heinous synnes: and accuse my selfe of mine vnrighteous dedes.

I confesse against my selfe the wickednesse of my herte, which hath ben euer vnfaithfull, and rebelling against thy preceptis.

I haue beene an vntrue and a froward childe to the, and haue prouoked the with my vanities

O holy father, I haue offen-

ded thy diuine maiestie: and am not worthy to be called thy son.

Because I prouoked the to angre through the multitude of my synnes: & haue not exercised my selfe in thy ryghtfull lawes.

I haue turned backe from thy wayes, and done euil before thee I haue done wickedly, and vniustly behaued my selfe, leauing thy commandementes, & murmuring against thy correction.

I haue turned my selfe away, and not kepte my promise made vnto the: I haue walked in an euill waye after mine owne thoughtes and fantasies, chosyng the thinges that thou woldest not.

O lord god almightie, I haue not feared the, nor shewed due reue-

reuerence vnto the: but I haue
been disobedient and stubburne
against the.

As a common harlot is with-
out shame, euen so am I with-
out shame of my synnes: for be-
hold, I speake vnto the, and yet
I synne more and more.

I haue lefte that whiche is
good, and gone backe from the:
and I haue not put my truste
and hope in the, my maker, but
haue sought for help and saue-
garde otherwyse.

I haue plowed wyckednesse,
and reaped iniquitie, and eaten
the fruite of lyes: because I
haue trusted in mine owne way.

I haue cast thy lawes behind
my backe, not regardyng thy
commandementes, nor leauing

mine owne leude customes.

I haue not geuen my herte to retourne to thy pathes: For I wolde not knowethe, but haue fallen through mine iniquitie.

I neuer vnto this daie turned truly vnto the with all my hert: but as a woman that breaketh hir fidelitee and promyse vnto hir husband, euen so (o lord god) I haue broken my promyse vnto the.

For I haue liued abhompnably, & haue had no remors nor repentaunce for my euyl dedes, but haue runne frome synne to synne, folowyng the lewde desyres of my herte.

Thou knowest all thynges (o lord) howe I haue prouoked the to displeasure by my lewde in-

uencti-

uencions : and none of all my synnes be hid from the.

I hated thy discipline and correccion: and regarded not thy wordes and sayinges.

I haue not done penaunce for my malice: but haue encreased in muche vanitee.

My herte hath ben voyde of trueth: and my handes haue wrought vnrightuousnesse.

My tonge hath spoken sinfully: and I haue labored with the imagination of my hert to fynd out lyes and deceites, and no trueth hath ben in my wayes.

I haue accustomed my tongue to speake trifles and vanitees, fulfyllynge my fleshely desyres and thoughtes: my purposes and inuencions haue ben

contrary to thy wyl, wherby I haue offēded the eies of thy ma ieſtie.

Thou haſt ſene all theſe thyn-ges (O lorde) and haſte holden thy peace, and yet thei were euil in thy ſyght, and diſpleaſed the.

In thy angre thou haſte caſte me away, and art diuided from me nowe many dayes.

Thou haſte geuen me vp to the deſyres of my hert: to do the thynges whiche be not ſemyng.

Wo I am, that I haue gone from the, greate is my myſerie, that I haue led my life in ſinne.

Wo is me, that I haue forſa-ken the to do my deuiſes, not af ter thy mynde, to accomplyſhe my thaughtes, which haue not proceded of thy ſpirite, but haue

hea-

heaped vp synne vpon synne.

Mine infamie and repzoche is daily befoze mine eies: and foz shame I dare not shewe my face.

And nowe (O lozde god) why forgettest thou me? why kepest thou awaye so long thy mercie from me?

Here nowe my cause graciously, although thou haste ben displesed with me a great while: foz thou arte mercifull: be not angry alwaies I beseche the.

Caste not away a contrite and a penitent pezsō, a wzetche, and an abiecte, whiche humbly calleth vpon thy name.

Turne againe a littell towarde me, O lozde god, and forgeue me my mischeuous dedes.

Of-

Ordre me not accordyng to my synnes, nor punishe me as my wickednesse deserueth.

Shewe not furth thy power against a poore wretche: persecute hym not so sore, whiche is without all strength.

Turne not thy face away from my prayers: but accordyng to thy promisses, take me againe vnto thy fauour.

For I am thine (O rightuous father) whome thy onely deere sonne hathe redeemed with his precious bloudde.

And nowe my soule abhorreth my old conuersacion: and of the (whiche arte iudge of all men) I aske mercye.

I do submit my self vnder thy mightie hande: for after thine

angre

angre thou shewest mercie, and in the time of tribulacion thou doest forgeue synnes.

I acknowledge, that I am a synner, beseechyng the, lorde god almighty, of thy goodnesse to do with me accordyngly to thy great mercie.

I am confounded and ashamed to lifte vp mine eies vnto the, for my synnes are ascended vp vnto thy syght.

Against the (O father) against the I haue synned, and done euill before the: thou seest that mine iniquitie is great:

Truely I haue ben an offender against the, euen from my cradle, and syns I sucked my mothers brestes I haue not ceased to do euill.

Beholde, I was begotten in iniquitie: & my mother brought me into this worlde defiled with synne.

For the corne of an euill sede is sowed in my herte, and howe much wickednesse hath spronge therof vnto this day, thou knowest, O lorde.

I can not shake of my synnes and offences, but I carye stille with me thinfamie of my youth

Beholde lorde, I am sold vnder synne: and in my flesshe I fynde not that whiche is good.

For the good that I wolde, that do I not, but the euill that I hate, that I do.

All the thoughtes and imaginacions of my hert, haue ben set to do euil, euer sens I was yōg.

O why

O why do I die in my synnes lorde god: seing thy wyll is not that a symner dye, but retourne from his synne and lyue:

For thou arte good and mercyfull, and accordynge to thy great mercy, saueſt theim that be vnworthy.

For albeit no man is able to beare the puniſhement, whiche thou doeſt threaten againſt sinners, yet the mercy, which thou haſt promyſed, is great and vnſercheable.

Thou haſte ſhewed mercy a thouſand tymes heretofore: to make thy name glorious as it is euen yet ſtyll.

The olde fathers in their neceſſities cried vnto the, & thou dyddeſt delyuer theim: they put

their

their trust in the: and they were not confounded.

When they were at their wittes ende, and wiste not what to do: this was their onely refuge, to lifte vp their eies to the.

Thou diddest saue theim for thy names sake to shewe in the thy might and strength.

Many a tyme they prouoked the thorough the their iniquitees, and stirred thy goodnesse to displeasure.

Yet when thou sawest their tribulacion, and their lowely submission vnto the,

Thou diddest remembre thy promise, and by and by haddest pitie and compassion vpō them: accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies.

Haue

Haue mercie vppon me (O lorde God omnipotent) haue mercy vpon me: for I am a miserable and a wretched creature: Make me hoole I beseche the, whome thou hast striken for my synne and iniquitie:

My soule is troubled greatly: and howe long (O lorde) wylte thou not loke towardes me?

Howe long wylte thou reiecte my prayer thus crieng out vnto the? wylte thou heare me at no tyme? howe longe wylte thou tourne away thy face from me?

Where bee thy olde mercyes (O lorde) whome thou hast stablished in thy trueth?

Wilte thou nowe (O lord god) ceasse to shewe mercy? or wylte thou withdrawe thy goodnesse

for displeasure.

Haste thou caste me awaie for euer: that thou wilt neuer here after be pleased with me?

Thy hande is not weakened, but it maie helpe: and thy eares be not stopped, that they refuse to heare.

Howe long shall my mynde be troubled with peynefull and heauy thoughtes? Howe longe shall sorowe tourment my hert? Howe longe shall mine ennemie haue the ouerhande of me? looke towardes me (lorde god) and here my prayer.

Geue lyght to mine eies, for I haue slepte to longe in deathe: and my synnes haue preuayled against me.

Turne againe, O lorde, turne

againe

againe, and deliuer my soule: and saue me for thy great mercies sake.

Lo nowe is the accepted time: nowe be the daies of health and grace.

In deathe who shall remembre the? or in helle who shall laude or praise the?

He that liueth, he that liueth, shall praise the: and shall make thy mercie knowen.

Lord, rebuke me not in thyne angre: nor punysshe me in thy great displeasure.

Cast not thy dartes at me: nor laye not thy heauy hande vpon me.

For I haue borne thine angre a long while, and of the cuppe of thy hygh displeasure I haue

dronke very depe.

There is no health in my flesh for feare of thy displeasure: I haue no peace nor rest, when I beholde my synnes.

My iniquities be gone ouer my hed: and like an heauy burdein they daily presse me doune.

The woundes in my soule do fester and stinke euen thorough mine owne folie.

I am a wretche cast away from thy fauour and presence, and go mournyng all the day long.

My soule is full of filthinesse, and no parte of me is hole and sounde.

Wherfore my enemies do persecute me the more, the gretnesse of my peyne maketh me to rore and crye.

My

My herte fainteth and trembleth within me, and my strēgth is gone awaie.

O lorde, thou knowest my desire, and thou seest my necessitee.

Forgeue me all my synnes (O lorde god almightie) for thy owne sake, and put out of thy syght my heynous offences, for according to thy goodnesse thou haste promised forgeuenesse of sinnes to them that do penance.

Haue mercie on me lorde, for the glorie and honoure of thy name, and be no longer displeased with me, and then thou shalt surely be knowen to be iust and true in thy wordes, and shalt ouercome when thou art iudged.

For by this, thy greate grace shalbe knowen: that thou takest

mercie on them, which haue not wherof they maie glorie in thy syght.

And all the dwellers on ỹ erth shall lerne and knowe thy goodnes, whan thou shalt conferre & geue thy benefites to vs for thy great names sake, and not after our euil wayes & wicked dedes.

Uerily lord god, excepte thou shew vnto vs thy manifold mercies, the worlde shall not haue life, nor they that dwell therein.

And if thou helpe vs not with thy goodnesse, howe maie they whiche haue offended, be reysed vp from their synnes?

Haue mercie on me, O good father, haue mercie on me, and for thy glorious name, bee no longer angry with me.

Take

Take me synner vnto thy mercie for the name of thy holy son Jesu, whome thou haste sent to be the obteiner of mercie for our synnes throughe faithe in his bloudde.

Beholde holy father, beholde thye childe, whome thou haste chosen: beholde thy welbeloued sonne, in whome thy soule deliteth: vpon whom thou haste put thy holy spirite, and sent him to preche the gospel to the poore, to heale them, whiche for their sinnes be sorowfull and contrite: to comforte them that mourne, to preach pardon to the prisoners, and syght to the blinde.

Beholde thy littell one, whiche was borne for vs: beholde thy son, whiche is geuen to vs,

whome thou haſte not ſpared, but geuen to deathe for vs all, to be a ſweete offeryng and a ſacrifice to the.

Verily he tooke vppon him, in his bodie, oure infirmities, and he bare our peines.

He was made weake for our ſynnes: and he was wounded for our offences.

The correction for our peace was layde vppon hym, and by the ſtrokes that he ſuffred, our woundes were healed.

All we wente a ſtraye lyke ſheepe, euery one folowed his owne waye, and thou (O lorde) putteſt on hym our iniquities, ſtrykyng hym for the offences, of thy people.

He gaue his body to be beaten

and

and his chekes to be ſtriken, he tourned not away his face from them that ſcorned hym, and ſpit vpon hym.

Thoughe his loue and mercy, he hath redemed them that were loſte, and by his bloudde ſhedde on the Croſſe, he hath pacifyed all thynges in heauen and earthe.

He gaue hym ſelfe to deathe, and made his prayers for them whiche were offenders.

Loke (O mercyfull father) and cõſider, who it is that thus dydde ſuffre: and remembre (I beſeche the) for whome he hath ſuffred.

For this is that innocente, whom thou gaueſt to deathe for vs, euen than whan we were

ſinners: and ſhall we not, being nowe iuſtified by his bloude, muche rather be ſaued frome wrathe through hym?

If we, when we were yet enemies, were reconciled to the by the deathe of thy ſonne: ſhal we not, being reconciled, muche rather be ſaued by his life?

Beholde that pure and immaculate lambe, whiche taketh away the ſynnes of the worlde, by whoſe precious bloud we are redemed from our iniquities.

Loke vppon that moſte meke innocent, whiche like a lambe was led to his deathe: and being moſte cruelly entreated, ones opened not his mouth.

Beholde thyne onely ſonne, whom although thou begatteſt

of thy almightie power, substãce and nature: yet thou woldest he shuld be ptaker of my infirmity.

Whiche beyng god in nature thought it no raum to be equall with god, but made hym selfe low, taking vpon him the shape of a seruaunt, and commyng in the similitude of synfull flesshe, condemned synne in the flesshe, submittyng hym selfe vnto the father, euen to the deathe of the crosse, and there put out the hand writyng that was against vs conteyned in the lawe written, & takyng it out of the waie, fastened it to his crosse, on the which he spoiled potestates and powers, and made a shewe of them openly, and triumphed ouer them in his owne person.

Turne

Turne the eyes of thy maie-
ſtie (O lorde god) and loke v-
pon the worke of thy ineffable
goodneſſe.

Beholde thine owne ſwete ſon,
how all his body was drawen.
& ſtretched furth on the croſſe.

Loke vppon all the partes of
his bodye, from the crowne of
the heade vnto the ſole of the
fote, and no peine ſhalbe founde
like vnto his peine.

Behold (O louyng father) the
bleſſed heade of thy deere ſonne
crowned with ſharpe thornes,
and the bloude runnyng downe
vpon his godly viſage.

Beholde his tendre body, how
it is ſcourged: his naked breſte
is ſtriken and beaten: his blud-
dy ſide is thraſted through: his
herte

herte panteth: his ſinewes bee ſtretched furth: his godly eyes daſell and loſe their ſyght: his pꝛincely face is wanne and pale, his pleaſant tongue is inflamed foꝛ peyne: his inwarde partes waxe dꝛie and ſtarke: his armes both blewe and wanne be ſtiffe, his bones be plucked one from an other: his beautyfull legges be feble and weake: and the ſtremes of bloudde iſſuyng out of his bodie, runne downe apace vpon his fete.

Loke (O my maker) vpon the humauitee and tentilneſſe of thy dere ſonne: and pitie the infirmitee of thy weake hãdy woꝛke.

Beholde (O glozious father) the body of thy dere ſonne, all to rent and tozne: and remembꝛe

I be-

I beſeche the, of how ſmall ſubſtance I am.

Loke vpon the peine of hym that is both god and man: and releaſe the miſery of man, whom thou haſt made.

Behold the greuous ſufferyng of the redemer, and forgeue the ſynne of hym that is redemed.

Kepe me from all euill waies: and teache me by thy holy ſpirite, to chooſe the waie of trueth.

I beſeche the (O thou kynge of holyneſſe) by hym that is moſte holie, by this my redemer Chriſte, that thou bryng me againe into the ryght waie, that I maie be vnited and made one with hym in ſpirite, whiche abhorred not to be vnited with me in fleſhe.

Make

Make me to go perfectely in thy pathes: and to hate all wicked wayes.

Washe my herte from malice, and clense me from my secrete synnes.

Clense me (O holie father) with the bloude of the newe testamẽt of thy welbeloued sonne: whiche hath loued vs, and washed vs with his bloude from our synnes, and hathe redemed vs from all iniquitie.

Purifie my hert by the sanctification of thy spirite, and the sprinkling of the bloude of thy sonne, from all filthinesse of syn, and euyll conscience.

O god almightie, be mercifull vnto me sinner: for thy glorious name sake, and remembre my

synnes

ſynnes no longer.

For thou arte god, gracious and mercyfull, and pacientlye doſt ſuffre vs: and woldeſt that no man ſhulde periſhe, but that al men ſhuld returne to penãce.

Make me (O lorde god) to returne from my euyll wayes and wycked thoughtes.

Remembre not the ſinnes and abhominacions of my youthe: accordyng to thy merci, be mind full of me for thy goodneſſe ſake O lorde.

Loke not vpon me with a greuous countenance: for there is no man that dare ſpeake for me.

Enter not into iugement with thy ſeruaunt, for if thou accuſe me, I ſhall neuer be quytte.

For if thou (O lorde) marke my

my ſynnes and iniquitie: who ſhall not fall before the?

This is certaine and ſure, that than in thy ſight no man liuyng ſhalbe iuſtified, ſeyng thou haſt found iniquitie euen in thy angelles.

Howe muche rather in man, which is abhominacion and filthineſſe, & dwelleth in the etthly houſe of this body, and dzynketh iniquitie as it were water?

Who is clene from filthineſſe, whan al be corrupted? truly not one: no thoughe he haue lyued but one daie on the earthe: and thoughe his monethes maie be eaſily numbzed.

Of a trueth there is no mortall man, whiche hath not done wickedly: noz there is any right

wise on earth, which doth good, and synneth not.

Yet because mercy is in thy hande (O lorde) although thou be dredeful, my hope is in the, in whom my soule trusteth.

My soule loketh for the, because mercie and plentifull redemption is with the.

For this I knowe assuredly, that thou wilt not cast me away for euer: but although thou cast me awaie for my sinnes a while, yet thou wilt haue mercye vpon me againe, according to the multitude of thy mercies.

For thou (O lorde) arte full of pitie and mercy: and wilte not turne thy face awaie from vs, if we will returne to the.

Thou art our god, full of swe-

tenes

teneſſe, veritee, and pacyence, and diſpoſeſt all thynges by mercie.

The fountaynes of thy goodneſſe be euer ful and flowe ouer: thy grace neuer decaieth.

All thy waies be mercie and trueth to them that ſeke out thy couenaunt and teſtimonies.

Howe gentle and louynge the father is to his childzen, ſo gentle & louyng arte thou (O lozde) to theim that feare the, and foz the haboundaunce of thy mercy thou doeſt pardon our infirmities.

Thou knoweſt thyne owne handy wozke: thou remembzeſt what we are: thou ſeſt that we are fleſſhe, and of no ſtrength.

Thou haſt not fozgotten, that

this worlde is full of vnrygh-teousnesse and wickednesse: and that it is wholly sette and bent on euill.

yet neuertheless thou art mer-cyfull, and full of grace, and like a mercifull lorde, forbea-rest to punyshe synners, whan they repent theim selfe, and re-turne from their synnes.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord god my sauiour) for the glorie of thy name: and delyuer me, and forgeue me my synnes for thy names sake.

O rightuouse father, loke not straitely vpon the multitude of my synnes: but loke on the face of Jesu thy holy sonne, whiche beyng without synne, bare our synnes in his bodie on the tree

of

of the crosse.

Turne awaye thy face from my synnes: and put out all my iniquities.

Make a cleane herte in me (O god) and renue me with a right spiritee.

Caste me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy spirite from me.

Geue me againe the comforte of thy helpe: and stablisshe me with thy mightie spirite.

Mollifie my herte (O lorde god) that I mate returne to thy pathes: for I haue wandred ouer longe in the wate of errour:

Tourne me to the, and I shal be tourned: for thou art my maker: and I am the claye and worke of thy handes.

Turne not thy face awaie from me, nor goe not from thy seruant in thyne angre.

Be my helper, and forsake me not: dispise me not (O lorde) whiche art my God, and my health.

Amen.

¶ The seconde psalme
For remission of synnes.

O Most myghty god of aungels & of men: whose iudgementes be vnserchable: & whose wisdome is profound and depe.

Here the prayers of thy seruaunt: and caste not awaie the humble suites of thy poore creature and handy worke.

For as longe as I shall lyue, I wil speke vnto the: and I will not

not holde my peace, so longe as the breathe is in my body.

I do turne my soule vnto the, and I set mine eies directly vpon the.

Leat thyne angre be turned away from me, I beseche the, and graunt, that I maie finde grace and fauour in thy syght.

Accordyng to the greatnesse of thy mercie, forgeue me all my synnes.

Plucke me awaie from mine heinous offences: and heale my soule, whiche hath offended the, make me free frome the guilt of my transgression: for I aknowlage my iniquitie, and am sory for my synnes.

I haue forsaken thy waie, and I, knowynge thy commaun-

dementes, haue done al thinges contrary to them.

I haue broken the couenaunt that I made with the: and haue dispised to kepe thy lawe.

Uerily I haue synned against the (O lorde god) and the blemische of my synne abideth styll with me, euen vnto this day.

I haue forsaken the (O god my maker) and gone away from the my sauiour, and haue rebelled against the, like the ore that wynceth and strygueeh whan he shulde be yoked.

I haue hardened my herte against the: and I haue lifted vp my necke proudely after my synne.

I haue trusted in lyes, and through deceit wold not know-

lage

lage the: but I haue folowed the lewdneſſe of my herte.

My pryde and arrogancy haue begyled me: and the foliſhe boldeneſſe of my herte hathe brought me into deſolate waies.

Mine owne counſailes and aduyſes haue wroughte me theſe thynges: ſuch is the malice and rebellion that poſſeſſeth the hertes of men.

My ſoule is put from quietneſſe and reſte, and I can not thinke of any good thing.

The yoke of my ſynnes is waxed very heauy: it is lifted vp & faſtned about my necke.

Thou haſte ſpoken to me, but I wolde not heare: Thou haſte called me, but I wolde not anſwere, I beleued not thy wor-

des, nor wolde abyde thy counsayle.

I regarded not thy holy word: and I gaue not my mind to thy sayinges.

Thou hast stryken me, but I woulde not knowe the cause therof: thou hast corrected me, but I wolde not take thy discyplyne.

I dyd not consyder in my hert, that thou wouldest not forgette my synne and malice.

With my mouthe and my lyppes I glorified the: but my hert was farre from the.

I hyd my sinne as Adam dyd: to the intent to haue my iniquitee vnknowen.

I axed not counsayle of thy mouthe: and I wold not folow

thy

thy lawe.

I haue synned before thyne eyes, and therefore my soule is made vnstable.

I forsoke the, whiche arte the fountaine of continuall spryngynge waters: to the entent to digge to my selfe muddy pittes, whiche haue no water.

In all these thynges, I am not retourned to the: Nor I haue not prayed vnto the, that I myghte leaue my wycked wates.

Se lorde, and beholde, howe vyle I am made: all the beaultie be my soule is perysshed and gone: in so muche that nowe I dare not in any wise behold and loke vpon the.

And there was no cause why

I

I should forsake the, and vainely folowe vaine thynges.

Lorde haue mercie vppon me, and heare my prayers: for thou arte my god, and there is no sauiour besides the.

Turne away from me thy heauie displeasure: and distroy me not for the synnes of my youth.

I humbly beseche the (O lord) forgeue me, forgeue me for thy excedyng mercie.

O lorde god of hostes, if thou be determined to saue, who can let or resist? if thou stretche out thy hande, who shall turne the awaie?

Thou maiest do to me as the potter doeth to his potte: for (beholde) I am in thy hande, as the clay is in his.

Amend

Amende me (O lorde) but in mercie, not in thine angre, least thou vtterly consume me: make me to vnderstande and knowe how hurtful and deadly a thing it is to forsake the, my lord god, and to caste awaye from me, the feare of the.

There is no man, that can heale me nor cure my plage: no man can deliuer me, but thou (O lorde) whiche woundest and makest hole: whiche strikest and healest againe.

My distruction cometh of my selfe: my helpe and saluacion standeth onely in the.

For none is like vnto the, thou arte mightie: and greate is the name of thy strength.

Turne me to the (O lord) and

I shal

I ſhall be tourned: take awaye from me this ſynfull herte, that thy law maie bring furth fruite in me.

Remembre me lorde, for thy goodneſſe ſake: and for the great loue that thou beareſt towardes me.

O lorde god (beholde) thou haſte made bothe heauen and earth by thy great myght: and nothyng is harde to the.

Thou arte that puiſſant and mightie, whoſe name is the lord of hoſtes: great and meruailous in thy counſatle.

As ſone as thou haſte ſpoken the worde, all thinges be done: as ſoone as thou haſt commanded, thinges be: and thy worde returneth not to the, voide and

with

without effecte.

Thou (O lorde god) shewest mercy vnto al: for thou canst do all: and thou makest as though thou sawest not the synnes of men, because they shulde do penance, and amende their liues.

For thou louest all thynges that be: and hatest nothing that thou haste made: for nothyng thou madest or hast ordeined of any hatred.

Thou sparest and tenderest all men: for all thynges be thyne, & thou louest the soules of men.

Thou doest minister mercy, equitie, and iustice in the earthe: and therefore in these vertues thou greatly delitest.

Truly (O lord) ye art righteous & gracious, not withstanding I

haue

haue offended the, transgressing thy couenaunt, and trespassyng agaynst the.

O lorde, thou haste seen all my abhominacions: looke on my cause, and consyder, howe vyle and wretched I am: see and beholde my great confusion.

In the tyme of reconciliacion heare me, and in the day of saluacion haue mercy on me.

Be mercifull vnto me, & haue mercy on me, whiche haue none other helpe but the: whose wyll nothyng can resiste: whan so euer thou doest purpose to saue.

Here me, whiche am a wretche makyng supplicacion vnto the make me to truste in thy name: and delyuer me by thy power.

Haue regarde to me from hea-

uen

uen, O lorde, and loke downe from thy holy habitacion: and from the throne of thy glory.

Distroye me not because of my iniquitee: but remembre the sorowe and peine that I suffre.

Be not still angry with me (O lorde) forget all my synnes, and remembre them no longer.

Let my prayer ascende vp vnto the: saie vnto my soule, Behold I am come to the, thy helth and thy saluacion. Amen.

¶ The thirde psalme.

For remission of synnes.

O God eternall, iuste and holy: whiche kepest couenant and mercy with thē that loue the and kepe thy commandmentes.

Loke at me, and haue mercie vpon me: for I haue trespassed agaynst thee: and done euyll in thy syght.

Shewe forthe vpon me the tendre affeccions of thy mercy, that thy seruaunt maie haue an hert to praie vnto the.

I humbly make my praier before thy face, not trustynge in myne owne ryghtuousnesse, but in thy great mercies.

For I am vnclene and filthy: and all my righteousnesse is lyke a foule blouddy cloute.

Unto the (O lorde) be iustice, mercie, and pietie: but vnto me be confusion and shame, for my iniquities.

Certaynely euen from my beginnynge I haue vsed my selfe proudly

prouidely against the, dooeyng wickedly and ceassyng not.

O lorde, thou haste redeined me, and yet I haue not ceassed to offende the, and my hert hath not ben streight in thy syght.

Thou hast taught and instructed me, and stablisshed my power, and I haue ben euill affected towardes the, beynge lyke vnto a deceitfull bowe.

My pride and presumpcion accuse me to my face, I am ouerthrowen in myne owne wickednesse: I do seke the (O lorde) I beseche the, that I maie finde the: thou arte separated from me: for I haue gredily folowed filthinesse.

yet will I accuse mine owne sinfull waies before the (O=

lorde) vntyll thou haue mercie vpon me, and receyue me again into thy fauour.

God forbyd, that euer I shuld depart from the again, and not dylygently seke for thy promyses.

I wyll neuer holde my peace, nor keepe sylence: vntyll thou haue establysshed that couenant with me, whiche thou hast made and ordeyned in tymes past:

That is to saie, lyke as the iustice of a iuste man shall not delyuer or saue hym, what tyme soeuer he shall offende: So the wyckednesse of a wycked manne shall not hurte hym, what tyme so euer he shall retourne frome his wyckednesse.

In hope of this (O lorde god) I wyll tary thy pleasure: for thou art good to theym that trust in the, and to the soule that seketh the.

Thou keepest thy trueth for euermore: and the woorde whiche issueth furthe of thy mouth, shall not be voyde and of none effecte.

Distroie me not (good lorde) for my synnes: nor reserue not eternall punyshement for me.

Open thyne eies, and beholde the greatnesse of my peyne and affliccion: for my iniquitie is greatte in thy syghte: and my synnes haue broughte me in to this trouble.

Distroye me not vtterly, nor

leaue me in my sinnes: for thou arte god of mercie, and verie gracious.

Execute not the punyshemente vppon me, whiche thou haddest pourposed: doe to me accordig to thy name: although my defaultes and sinnes be many.

O lorde, thou arte my god: and thy name hathe been putte vppon me: Leaue me not in the depenesse of my troubles.

Thou hast chastysed and rekoned many, and haste strengthed the wery handes, thy wordes haue set vp hym that stagered: and thou hast made streight the croked knees.

Wherfore I wyll seeke the

(O lorde god) whiche haste wrought great thynges vnsercheable and innumerable.

Thou hast taken vppe the poore out of the duste, and hast exalted theym, whiche were abiectes.

For thou dooest delyuer the poore in his myserie out of the strayte and bottomelesse pytte of tribulacion: and out of the wyde mouthe of angupsshe and affliccion, into reste and quietnesse.

Thou art gracious and mercifull, for that thou shewest mercie to theim whiche bee not yet come into the worlde: and thou art very mercyful to them, whiche dilygently obserue and kepe thy lawes: and thou dooest pact-

 ently

ently ſuffre ſynners: geuynge theim tyme and place, whereby they maie be changed from their malyce.

Here me pooze wzetch makyng ſupplicacion vnto the: foz in the and in thy name, I haue put my truſt and affiaunce.

Take me thy ſeruaunt vnto the, and make me good, and let me not be diſappoyncted of that that I loke foz.

Come agayne (O lozde god) and ſaue my ſoule: deſtroye me not, whome thou haſt redeined by thy great myght and power.

Loke not vpon the hardnes of my herte, noz vpon my ſynnes: but like as thou haſte many tymes ſhewed mercie: ſo nowe be mercifull and forgeue me.

Here

Here me (O lorde) and be pacified: regard my praier, and do accordyng to thy great name.

O lorde, I loke to haue helpe and saluacio from the: and this is my daily meditacion, and exercyse.

For thy mercies be great: and thy goodnes is inestimable.

Heare me nowe fauourably: and withholde thy mercies no longer from me.

In the way of thy iugementes I wyll loke after the: my soule desyreth to magnifie thy name, and to haue the in memorie.

Incline my hert to do thy commaundementes: and direct my waies euermore in thy syght.

Let me neuer hereafter goe awaie from thy waies: nor leaue

me not nowe in the depenesse of my troubles.

Turne not thine eies awaie from me: but teache me (O lord) to do those thynges, whiche are pleasaunt in thy sight.

Make a perpetuall leage and couenaunte with me, that thou wilte put thy feare into my hert: that I neuer swarue from the in all my lyfe.

Withdrawe not thy goodnesse from me for euer, but keepe thy promyse and fidelitie.

Be good vnto me with benevolence and fauour: for thou arte mercyfull, and thy displeasure continueth not for euer.

Remembre me with fauoure and kyndenesse: and visyte me with thy saluacion.

I knowe (O lorde god) that thou arte gracious and mercyfull, pacient, and of great mercifulneſſe.

Thou art good and mercifull, thou kepeſt couenant and mercy with thy ſeruãtes, whiche walke before the in their hole herte.

There is none other god but thou, whiche regardeſt and careſt for all.

For thou haſte ben euer verey mercifull to me: deliuerynge my ſoule from the depe hell.

Let thy goodnes (O lorde) be euer with me, for all my wealth reſteth onely in the.

In the tyme of tribulacion I call vpon the (O lorde) for thou art nigh vnto them, whiche call vpon thy holy name.

Succour

Succour me (O god) and loke merily vppon me: shewe me the lyght of thy countenaunce: in the my soule trustethe, and my herte reioyseth.

Let my prayer come vnto thy throne: bowe downe thine eare vnto my crie.

Here me nowe beyng penitent (O lorde) whom thou haste hytherto pacientlye suffred: to thintent I shuld repent and amende my lyfe.

O god, I haue opened vnto the my life: saue me for thy name sake: for my trust is in the.

What care I for worldly thinges: This one thyng onely I nede and desire, that I may find grace and fauour in thy syghte,

Wherfore I beseche the (O lorde

lorde god) take awaye from me this peine and sorowe: or at leaste wyse mitigate and aswage it, other by comfort or by counsaile, or by what menes so euer it shal be sene good to the.

¶ The fourth psalme, is a complaint of a penitent sinner, whiche is sore troubled and ouercome with sinnes.

O Lorde god mercyfull and pacient: and of muche mercifulnesse and trueth.

Whiche for thy haboundaunte charitee, and accordyng to thy great mercie, hast taken vs out from the power of darknes: and hast saued vs by the fountayne of regeneracion and new birth, and

and the renewyng of the holye goſt: whom thou haſt ſhed vpon vs aboundantely by Jeſu Chriſte our ſauiour.

If I haue founde grace and fauoure in thy ſighte: ſuffre me to ſpeake a woꝛde vnto the: and be not diſpleaſed with me.

Why dooeſt thou euer foꝛget me: and leaueſte me in the mides of my troubles and euils?

Where is become thy zeale and thy ſtrength? where is the multitude of thy tendꝛe affeccions? and of thy mercies?

O loꝛd, maie not he which is fallen, riſe vp againe? oꝛ maie not he, whiche hathe gone away from the, returne to the againe?

Shal my ſoꝛow euer endure? ſhall my wounde he vncurable

and

and neuer healed:

How commeth it to paſſe, that I ſtill tourne awie frome the: my ſinne dailye increaſeth, and of my ſelfe I can not retourne.

In as much as it is not geuen to man to directe his owne waies: neither to make perfecte his owne procedynges.

For in thy hande is the life of euery lyuyng thynge: and the ſpirite alſo of euerie man.

Thou ſheweſte thy mercy to whom thou wilte: and thou art gracious to theim, whom thou fauoureſt.

Thou doeſt kill, and thou doſt quicken: thou leadeſt downe to hel gate, and bringeſt vp again.

Thy eies beholde the waies of euery man: and thou ſearcheſte the

the hertes of men.

There is no place so secrete or darke, wherin synnes maie hide them selues from the.

Nor any man maie so lurke and hide him self in caues: but thou shalt se him, whiche dooest fullfill bothe heauen and earthe in euery parte.

Why haste thou cast me awaie from thy presence? and takeste me for thy enemye?

Why haste thou layde vppon my heade the heauy weyghte of my sinnes? seyng no man is hable to beare thy displeasure.

What meaneth it, that thou shewest thy power agaynste a wretche? why distroyest me for the synnes of my youth?

If I haue synned, what shall

I do to the? and if my synnes be increased, what shall I doe?

If I do iustly, what shall I geue to the? or what shalt thou receyue at my hande?

My wyckednesse shal hurt my selfe: and my rygtulnesse shall profite me.

The lyfe of man is a temptacion vpon the earthe: and if I haue synned (as all men haue) what may I do?

Shall any man be fownde cleane and withonte synne before the? or shall any manne be without default in his dedes?

Howe may a mortall man be pure from sinne in thy syght? or howe maye he, whiche is borne of a woman be rightuous?

Remembre (O lorde) I beseche

the, that thou haſte made me of the earthe: and that thou ſhalte bꝛynge me agayne into the duſt of deathe.

My dayes paſſe and vanyſhe awaye lyke ſmoke: they waſte daily, there is no taryeng.

My lyfe flyeth awaye as the wynd: and conſidereth not that whiche is good.

I was but lately bozne into this wozld, and ſhozly I ſhalbe taken awaye hence by death, I neuer continue ſtyl in one ſtate.

The dayes of my life be fewe, and ſhozt: thou haſte appointed an ende, whiche I ſhal not paſſe,

Naked and bare I came oute of my mothers wombe: and naked and bare I ſhall retourne agayne: truely all men lyuing

are

are vanitie.

Haue pitie (O lorde) on them that are in miserie: and dispise not the worckes of thy handes.

Though we synne, yet are we vnder the: for we know thy power and strengthe: and if we synne not, than are we sure that thou regardest vs.

Ceasse thy indignacion (O lorde) and tourne it from me: and caste all my synnes behinde thy backe.

Take away thy plages from me: for thy punishement hathe made me bothe feble and fainte.

For whan thou chastisest a man for his synnes, thou causest hym by and by to consume and pine away.

What so euer is delectable in

hym, perisheth like vnto the clothe that is eatē with moughtes. Would god I hadde one to defende me a while, vntill thy anger wer tourned away: or that thou wouldest sette me a time, in the whiche thou wouldest remembre me.

I am cleane caste away from thy presence: shall I neuer here after se thy face againe?

Beholde, I haue opened the griefes of my soule: the daies of my sorowes haue taken me.

The flouddes of tribulacion compasse me round about: and the streames of thy fury runne ouer me.

And I crye vnto the (O lorde god) but thou heares me not: I aske mercie: but thou reiectest

ctest my prayers.

Why thrastest thou downe a poore wretche frome thy presence? or why forsakest me so longe tyme?

Why takest not away my iniquitie? and why puttest thou not away the wickednesse of my herte?

Aryse and tary no longer (O Lorde) aryse, and reiecte me not for euer.

Haue me in remembraunce, I beseche the: for I thoroughly tremble and shake for feare.

Yet I wil not hold my tonge, but crie stille vnto the with a mournyng and an heauy herte.

Turne away the stroke of thy vengeance from me: bryng my minde out of troubles in to rest.

I am here no longer continuer, but a pilgrym and a straunger as all other mortall men be.

And what is man, that thou shuldest be angry with hym? or what is mankynde, that thou shouldest be so heauy lorde vnto vs?

What, wilt thou bryng sorowe vpon sorowe? I pant for peyne and fynde no rest.

My sorowe greueth me whan I shuld eate, and sodaine sighes ouerwhelme my herte.

I am as if my bones were all to broken, whan I here myne enemies raple vpon me, and saie to me day by day, wher is thy god?

Why tournest thou thy face awaye frome these thynges (O lorde?) why hast thou no regard

of

of my trouble:

I earnestly make my prayers dayly in thy syght: and the heuynesse of my herte I do shewe vnto the.

My spirite is careful and troubled within me: and desparacion hath entred into my herte.

Is it thy pleasure (O lorde god) to cast awaye thyne owne handy worke?

Delyuer my sowle from corrupcion, and my life from euerlastyng darkenesse.

What auayleth it me, that euer I was borne, if thou caste me streight into damnacion? seynge that the deade shall not praise the, nor any of them whiche go downe to hell.

I haue synned, what shall I

do to the? why hast thou put me to be contrary to the? I am wery of mine owne selfe.

Why serchest thou out my sinnes so narowly: whan there is no man that can take out of thy hande?

If I wolde saye, that I were ryghtuous and without synne: than thou myghtest worthyly condemne me to the fyre prepared for the diuel and his angels.

But I cõfesse, that I am a sinner, and I do humble my herte in thy syghte.

Surely if any man wold stãde with the in iugemẽt, he shall not be able to answere one worde to a thousande thynges, wherwith thou mightest charge hym.

This maketh me to feare all my

my dedes: knowyng that thou spareſt not hym that offendeth.

If I loke vpon thy powe, O howe mightie and ſtronge thou arte: if I ſhal cal for iudgement, who ſhal defende my mattier, or ſpeake for me?

To the (O lord) I cal and crye: to the my god, I make myne humble ſuite.

Turne away thine angre from me: that I maie knowe, that thou arte more mercifull vnto me than my ſynnes deſerue.

What is my ſtrength, that I maie endure? or what is thende of my trouble, that my ſoule maie pacientlye abide it?

My ſtrength is not a ſtonie ſtrength: and my fleſſhe is not made of braſſe.

There is no helpe in my selfe, and my strengthe fleeth awaye from me.

Although thou hide these thinges in thy herte: yet I knowe that thou wilte remembre me at length.

For thou art true and iust (O lord god) thou dost not condēne vniustely: which rewardest man according to his desertes.

All this is com vnto me because I haue forgotten the: & not vsed my selfe truely in thy testament.

My herte hath turned backeward: and I haue folowed the desires of my flesshe.

And thou hast surely knowen this thing: whiche knowest the secretes of the herte.

Lay not agaynst me (O lorde) the

the synnes of my youthe: nor haue in remembrance mine olde iniuries done against the.

Daily sorowe ouercometh me: and sadnesse possesseth my herte. I loke after peace, but I cā not haue it: I loke for a time of helthe, but my griefe cōtinueth stil.

When the time of thine angre is past, leat mercie come, yet am I vnhappie more and more.

Wo and alas that euer I sinned: my herte therfore mourneth and is sad, all mirth and ioye be banished from me.

Howe am I wastid? how miserably am I confounded? because I haue forsaken and caste awaye thy lawe.

Death hath ascended vp by the windowes: persyng the inward

partes

partes of my herte.

When I daily, one while muse secretely with my selfe, an other while with loude voyce crye out and complaine: the meane tyme my lyfe draweth nere to the pit.

Who shall geue me a place to rest in from all my griefes and troubles: and I wyll forsake all men, and get me away from theim.

Who shal geue me water to my hed, and a fountain of teares to mine eies: that I maie bewaile my synnes both night and daie.

And I will loke for hym, whiche may saue me: and deliuer me from the wrath to come.

I haue no trust neither in lyfe nor death: but I feare thy iudgement (O lord) and the peines pre-

prepared for wicked sinners.

The feare of my synne maketh me carefull: and the burdeine of my cõscience oppresseth me sore.

O god, whiche tenderly louest mankinde, and arte most ryghtfull iudge: spare me nowe I beseche the, and shewe me some fauour while time is.

Forgeue that whiche I feare, put away that whiche I dread: before I departe hence and shall not retourne againe.

My synnes do vexe and trouble me sore: they be so great that none can be greater.

Alas my fall, alas my miserie, alas the grieke of my plage and stroke: certainly my synne is the cause of all this, and so I will take it and suffre it.

¶ The fifth ſpalme.
For the obteinyng of godly wiſedome.

O Lorde god of mercie, which by thy woorde haſte made all thynges: and by thy wiſedome haſt created man.

O god eternall, to whom, all thynges be knowen, be they neuer ſo ſecrete: which knoweſt all thynges before they be done.

Open my lippes and my mouth, that I maie ſpeake and ſhewe forth the glorie and preiſe of thy name.

Geue me a newe herte, and a right ſpirite: and take from me all wicked and ſinfull deſires.

O lord, I am foliſhe, ignorant, and blind, whan I am deſtitute

of

of thy knowlage.

I am ignorant and without intelligence, my dulneſſe is ſo greate that my eies can not ſee, nor my herte perceyue.

Yea I am a very babe and a chyld, and know ful littell mine owne lyfe and conuerſacion.

My lyppes be defiled and vncleane, my time is ſhort, & I am not able to vnderſtand thy law.

Geue thy ſeruant, I beſech the an herte apte to take learnyng: that I may knowe what thing is acceptable in thy ſyghte at all tymes.

Sende downe from heuen the ſpirit of thy wiſoom, & replenſh my herte with knowlege therof.

Thy wyſedome geueth trewe knowelage: and oute of thy mouth

mouthe procedethe bothe counsayle and intelligence.

Thy wysedome openeth the mouth of the dumme: & maketh the tonge of infantes eloquent.

If any seme to be perfecte emong men: yet if thy wysedome forsake hym: he shall be reckened nothyng worth.

Thy wysedome is to menne a treasure that fayleth not: which who so vse, thei are joined to god in loue and amitie.

Howe well it is with that man whiche is witty in this behalfe: and hath his soule indued with thy wysedome.

What man in all the worlde knoweth thy counsaile: or who can compasse in his mynd what thy wyll is:

who

Who can comprehende thy purpose and minde except thou giue him wisedome, and instruct him with thy holy spirite.

For mens reasons do faile in many thynges: and their forecastes and inuentions be vncertaine and vnsure.

For the mortal and corruptible body muche greueth the soule, and the earthly house of the body holdeth downe the mind, musyng vpon many thynges.

Counsaile and good successe commeth from aboue: where also wisedome is and vertue.

With the (O lorde) is ryches, glory, and righteousnes, whiche be treasures incorruptible.

He that hathe founde out the: hathe founde lyfe: and he that

loueth not the, loueth death.

O lord god, touche my mouth, that my iniquitie maye be dryuen awaye: dwelle thou in my herte, that my synnes maie bee purged.

Wysedome doeth not enter into a malyciouse soule: nor wil abyde in a body, whiche is subiecte to synne.

Teache me (O lorde god) leaste my ignorauncе increase, and my synnes waxe mo and mo.

Leat thy spirite teache me the thynges that be pleasaunt vnto the, that I maye be led into the streight way out of errour, wher in I haue wandred ouer longe.

Let thy wysdome be stablished in my spirite: and write thy lawe in my herte.

Thy

Thy wisedome is to me more precious then all riches: and I desire more to haue it then all other thynges, be they neuer so faire and goodly.

O lorde, thou knowest, howe sore I am enflamed with the loue of thy wisedome, whiche is my onely study and meditacion.

O how pleasant and swete thy wordes be to my herte & truely muche more then honie is to my mouthe.

Thy word is a bright candel to my feete, & a light to my wayes.

Thy wisedom pleseth me more then thousandes of golde or of siluer can do.

I haue more pleasure and delectacion in the way of thy wisedome: then in great abundance

of treasure.

Wolde god my waies maie be so ordered, that I may lerne thy wisedome, and thy woordes.

Thy worde geueth heate and inflameth: wherfore I greatly desire it.

O happie is he (lorde) whome thou instructest: and makest lerned in thy lawe.

His soule shall alwaye studie wisedome: And his tonge shall speake iudgement.

The lawe of god shalbe written in his herte: and he shall not be ouerthrowen as he goeth.

O lord, which art my god and my sauiour, here my prayer, and my tongue shal euer speake and set out thy mercies.

Geue me wisedome, whiche is assistent

assistent to thy throne: that I maie discerne betwene good and euill, and maie knowe thy holy mysteries.

Opē mine eies, that I may perceiue and behold the wonderfull thynges, whiche be in thy lawe.

Remember thy worde nowe I call vpon the: for I haue put my hope in it, make me to knowe the waye of thy wisedome: and hyde not thy knowlage frome me.

Order me accordyng to thy mercie, and disapoynt me not of that I loke for.

Teache me ryght wisedom and intelligence: for thy wisedom is all that I desire.

Put thy worde in my mouth: and fasten thy wisedome in my

herte.

Lette thy wisedome rule and guide my thoughtes: that they maie alwaies please the.

Thy wordes be wonderful and marueilous: wherfore my soule deliteth in them.

Thy wisedome is perfect: and thy knowlage is clere, and geueth light to the etes.

It is more amiable then golde and precious stones, it is farre swetter then the honie combe.

Thy wisedome is pure and vndefiled, & maketh soules strong thy wordes be certain and true, and geue vnderstandyng vnto the simple.

Whan shall he that erreth in his spirite, haue knowlage: and whan shall he that is ignorant haue

haue learnyng:

Whan wilte thou sende downe thy holye spyryte frome aboue: whan shall the blynde herte bee lightned with knowlage: when shall the tongne that stameteth, be made eloquent:

I am lyke a babe without wisdome and dyscrecion: leate thy stronge hande (O lorde) be my healpe.

I knowe, that thou canste do all thynges: and no thynge is hard to the.

Thou arte greatte (O lorde) and canste not bee knowen, and thy wisedome is infinite.

I haue declared my cause beefore the: do with thy seruant accordyng to thy great mercy.

Loke towarde me, and haue mercy vpō me: that I mai bring to passe that, whiche I beleue and thinke, maie be done by the.

Make the waie of thy wisedom knowen vnto me, and repleny she my herte with the knowelage thereof.

Here my voyce (O lord) accordyng to thy mercie: intreate me accordyng to iudgement.

Geue glory vnto thy name (O lorde) for thou onely arte good and wyse: and there is none other sauiour beside the.

Here me (O lord) for thy name sake: and withhold not thy mercy from me.

My lippes shal speake and set forth thy laud and praise: whan thou hast taught me thy wisdōe:

Then

Then I will declare thy mer-
uayles: that other also maie be
conuerted vnto the,
And maie blesse thy name for
euer, world without end, Amen.

The syxt spalme.

A christian man praieth, that he
maie be heard of god.

O Lorde, heare my prayers:
and let my crye come to the
Turne not away thy face from
me in the day of my tribulacion.
What daie so euer I shall call
vpon the: here me (O lord god,)
For thou art great and wor-
kest wōders: thou only art god:
Also thy workes be great: thy
thoughtes bee very profounde
and depe.

Bowe downe thine eare vnto me: and here me, for I am poore, and without helpe.

Haue mercie vpon me (O lord) for when trouble cometh, I flee vnto the for succour.

Make gladde the soule of thy seruaunt: For I haue lyfted vp my herte vnto the.

O lord, thou art good and mercifull: and of muche mercie to al them that call vpon the.

Here my requeste and peticion: and graciously accepte my prayers.

O lorde god, in the I trust: let me not bee confounded, I beseche the: Deliuer me in thy ryghtuousnesse.

Herken vnto the voyce of my crye (O my kynge and my god) for

For I make my humble suite vnto the.

Here my voice, with whiche I call vpon the: haue mercie vpon me, and saue me.

My prayers be euer vnto the (O lorde god) if that the tyme of thy gracious pleasure shall come, when that accordyng to the multitude of thy mercy thou wilt here me in the trueth of thy healthy.

Haue regard vnto me (O lord) for thy mercie is swete, accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies, loke vpon me.

Go not farre awaye from me (O my god) but make haste to helpe me.

Let my wordes be pleasant vnto the: & make that the thoughtes

tes and meditacion of my herte maie be acceptable afore the.

Turne nót away thy face from thy seruaunt, for trouble riseth vp against me on euery syde: wherfore now succour me.

My hert desireth the, my soule seketh for the: I tary and loke whan I maie beholde thy face.

Turne not away thy face from me, caste not away thy seruaunt in a displeasure.

Thou hast alwayes helped me before this time: forsake me not nowe in my moste nede, O my lorde and my god.

To the I crye daily, go not away from me: and turne not the deafe eare vnto me.

Cause my prayer to entre into thy presẽce: and let my crye come

vnto

vnto the.

Here me (O lorde) for I lifte vppe my mynde vnto thy holie temple.

Helpe nowe in time of trouble, for vaine is the helpe of man.

I loke after thy helpe (O lord) and to thy iudgementes my wil is conformable.

Loke vnto me, and take pitie vppon me: for I am poore and lefte alone.

O lorde god of hostes, if thou wilte, thou maiest helpe me: nothing can ouercome thy strēgth.

My god, my god, leaue me not in these greuous tribulacions for thy great names sake.

O god, make hast to deliuer me, O lord make spede to helpe me.

Be contēted to deliuer me: for

in

in the I truſte (O lorde god.)

Beholde, I haue no helpe in my ſelfe: there is no man that regardeth my neceſſitie.

I am poore, and in miſerie, and greatte calamitie: and my ſtrengthe is gone from me.

Ariſe vp (O lord) and declare thy glorie vnto thy ſeruaunt,

Let ſaluacion and helth come to me from the: that all my enemies maie be aſhamed.

Thine arme is mightie and ſtronge: and when thou wilte, al thinges be obedient vnto the.

Heauen is thine, yea and the earth is thine: thou madeſt the worlde, and all that is therin.

Let thy mercie comforte me: which ſurely I deſire more than this life.

I ſticke

I ſtycke to thy teſtimonies (O lorde) leat me not bee confounded.

Out of the depe I haue called vnto the (O lorde:) lorde heare my voyce.

O leat thine eares marke well the voyce of my complaint.

O lord, if thou impute my ſinnes vnto me: howe maie I loke for thy grace and pardon?

But thy mercye exredethe all thynges: and thy trueth paſſeth the heauens.

Wherefore my ſoule hath loked to the: and to the makethe humble prayers.

O god, be not ſtyll, kepe not ſilence: but for thine owne ſake ſee that thy holy name bee not

d'honoured.

Extend out thy mercie to theim that calle vppon the, and thy ryghtuousneſſe to theym that ſeke the.

I haue caſte my burdein vpon the, beare me vp: and leate me not alwayes bee in wauerynge, ſeing that I haue put my truſte in the.

My ſoule cleaueth vnto the: make thy right hand to ſtrēgth me agaynſte the power of myne enemies.

Here me (O lorde) and delyuer me: incline thine eares vnto my prayers, and ſaue me, for I am poore: O lorde, haue regarde vnto me.

Thou (O lorde god) arte my helpe and my ſauyour.

O god

O god, thy waie is holie and ryghtfull. what god is so great as thou (our god) arte?

Thou doest meruailous thinges: thy name is the lorde: thou onely art the hyghest vppon all the earthe.

Be nowe pacified toward thy seruant: and hide thy face from me no longer.

Be good vnto me (lorde) as thou arte full of goodnesse thy selfe, that I maie glorie in the all the dates of my life.

My lyppes reioyce to synge prayse vnto the: and euen soo doth my soule, whiche thou hast redeemed.

My herte shall alwayes study thy ryghteousnesse, whan they shall be confounded, which seke

to do me harme.

I will runne all the waye of thy commaundementes: whan thou ſhalte dilate and enlarge my herte. Amen.

The ſeuenth ſpalme.

For an ordre and direccion of good liuyng.

TO the (O lorde) I lifte vp my minde.

In the I truſte (O lorde god) let me not be cõfounded, leſt my enemies make me their ieſtyng ſtocke, and a matier to laugh at.

O lord, make thy wayes knowen vnto me: and trade me in thy pathes.

Directe me in thy trueth, and inſtructe me: for thou arte god my

my sauiour: I loke after the e-
uery day.

O lorde, thou arte sweete and
righfull: and bringest againe
into thy waye, theim that went
out.

Thou leadest streyght in thy
iudgement theim that be mylde
and tractable: and techest them
that be meeke, thy woordes and
testimonies.

Thou healest theim that be
contrite in herte: and aswagest
their peines and griefes.

Thou holdest vp al them, whi-
che elles shuld fall: and al that are
fallen: thou liftest vp againe.

Thou geuest syghte to the
blinde: and losest theim that be
bounden.

Thou art nygh vnto all theim

that call vpon the: ſo that they call vppon the faythfully and hertily.

Thou fulfilleſt the deſire of them that feare the: and heareſt their praier, and ſaueſt them.

Haue mercie vpon me (O god) haue mercie vpon me: for in the my ſoule truſteth.

Verily my ſoule hath a ſpeciall reſpecte vnto the: for my helth, my glorie, and all my ſtrengthe cometh from the.

For thine owne ſake (O lorde god) laye not my ſynnes to my charge.

I vnderſtande not all mine errours: innumerable troubles cloſe me rounde about, my ſynnes haue taken holde vpon me: and I am not able to loke vp.

But

Put to thy hande to helpe me: and leade me ryghte in all my wozkes.

Make me to walke perfectly in thy waies, that no kynde of synne ouercome me.

Set a watche befoze my mouthe: and keepe the dooze of my lippes.

Let the wozdes of my mouthe and the meditacion of my herte be euer pleasant and acceptable in thy sight.

Let the wozde of trueth neuer go awaie from my mouthe: and suffre no malice to dwell in my herte.

O lozd, deliuer my soule from lyng lippes: and saue me from the deceitfull tongue.

Put into my mouthe thy true

and holy worde: and take clene from me all idell and vnfruitefull speache.

Delyuer me from false surmises, and accusacions of men: Rule me euen as thou thynkest good, after thy will and pleasure.

Turne awaie mine eies, that they beholde no vaine thynges: fasten them in thy waie.

Take from me fornicacion & all vncleannesse: and let not the loue of the flesshe beguile me.

Yea delyuer my soule frome pryde, that it reygne not in me: and than shall I be cleane from the greatest synne.

Stay and kepe my feete from euery ill waie, leste my steppes swarue from thy pathes.

My eies loke euer vppe vnto the (O lorde) because thou arte nigh at hand: and all thy waies be the trueth.

Thy mercies be great and manie (O lorde) blessed is he, who so euer trusteth in the.

For whan I saied vnto the, my feete bee slipped: Thy mercie (O lorde) by and by did hold me vp.

Teache me to do thy will, and leade me by thy pathe waie, for thou arte my god.

O lorde, saue my soule, and delyuer me from the power of darkenesse.

Leat the brightnesse of thy face, shine vpon thy seruaunt, for vnto the (O lorde god) I haue fledde for succour.

Loke vnto me, and haue mercie vpon me: for I am desolate and poore.

Kepe my soule, and deliuer me, that I be not confounded: for I haue trusted in the.

O lord god, forsake me not: although I haue doen no good in thy sight.

For thy goodnesse graunt me, that at the lest wise now I maie begynne to liue well. Amen.

¶ The eyght psalme.

A Christen man prayeth, that he maie be defended from his ennemies.

O God almyghtie, saue me from mine ennemies: and by thy stronge power defende and

and kepe me.

Preserue my soule, for thou art holy: saue thy seruant, whiche trusteth in the.

For straungers do assaute me daiely: and seke my soule to distroye it.

O god, helpe thou me: O lord, deliuer me from them that ryse vp against me.

Be ready (O god) to succour me: make hast to helpe me: O lorde.

Be thou my protectour and a place of strength: wherin I may safely be.

For thou art my strength and my refuge: for thy name sake leade and guide me.

Take me (O god) out of the handes of mine enemies: & cast

me not awaie in the time of tribulacion: whan all my mighte is decaied and gone.

Healpe me (O lorde god) and saue me for thy mercyes sake.

Haue mercy vpon me (O lord) the god of my health: and in thy rightuousnesse deliuer me.

From the vexacion of theim that persecute me: from the assaulte of myne enneimies: whiche compasse me about on euery syde.

Let theim be confounded and brought to naughte, whiche be aduersaries vnto my soule: leat theim be couered with shame & rebuke, whiche seke my hurt.

Leat theim tourne backe with rebuke and shame, whiche saie, god hath forsaken him: leat vs

set

ſette on hym and take hym: for there is none that ſhall delyuer hym.

Conioyne thy ſelf (O god) vnto my ſoule: make it ſtrong, and delyuer me from mine enemies.

Diſtroy theim by thy power: and bring to naughte all their ſtrengthe.

That they reioyce not and ſaie amonge theim ſelues, we haue ouercome hym, and vtterly caſt hym downe.

Saue me (o lord god) for in the haue I truſted: ſaie to my ſoule, be not afraid, for I am with the.

It is in thy hande, what ſhall come of me, delyuer me frō mine enemies, for yet they ceaſſe not.

Their cruelty encreaſeth daily more and more, and companies

of tyrauntes violently come on me, and they haue not the before their eies.

But thou (O lorde) arte gracious and merciful, and suffrest long: and thy mercie and trueth be great.

Loke vnto me, and haue mercie vpon me: endue thy seruaunt with some of thy strength: for I cal vpon the, and ernestly make my prayers in thy syght.

My ennemies reioyse, that I am fallen, and that my hert hath turned out of thy waie.

But I trust in thy mercie, and my hert is comforted in hope to haue helpe & saluaciō from the.

For thou art good and gracious, thy mercie endureth euer, and thy trueth continueth from

one

one generacion to an other.

Let al them reioyce in the, and be glad, whiche seke the: and let them whiche loue to haue salua-cion of the, saie, Magnified be the lorde for euer. Amen.

The ninth psalme.
agaynst ennemies.

SE lorde and behold, how ma-ny thei be, which trouble me, how many, which make rebelli-on agaynst me.

They saie among theim selues of my soule: there is no helpe of god for it to trust vpon.

O lorde god, in the I haue put my hope and trust: saue me frō them, whiche dooe persecute me, and deliuer me.

lest

Lest peraduenture at one time or an other they take my life frō me: and there be none to deliuer me from them.

Haue pitie vpon me (O lorde) Loke vpon the affliccion, which I suffre of my enemies.

Forget not thy poore seruaunt, suffer not theim whiche be oppressed to loke for helpe alwaies in vaine.

Put theim to flight: disapoint them of their purposes: Cast thē downe hedling as their wickednesse hath deserued, for they are traitours & rebels against the.

Let their power be brought to nought: and their wickednesse light vpon their owne heades.

Leat the wicked synners returne into hell, and let them fall

and

and be taken in the pitte, whiche they haue digged.

I will truste in the (O lorde) whiche saueſt theim, that in the put their confidence.

They ſate, that thou forgetteſt thy ſeruauntes, and that thou hideſt thy face, becauſe thou wilt not ſee their trouble.

Their pride is to vs muche griefe and vexacion: and they glorie and triumph in our trouble and aduerſitee.

Howe long (O lord) wilt thou ſtande afarre of, and hyde thy ſelfe in the tyme of tribulacion?

Howe longe ſhall the wicked diſpiſe the? and ſay in their hert, that thou regardeſt nothyng.

Riſe vp (O lorde) ſtretche out thy hande: forgette not theim:

which

whiche be oppreſſed.

Bryng downe the power of the wicked: that they maie periſhe togither with their wickednesſe

Let thy zeale ſodenly come vppon them: the firy thunderboltes and the ſpirite of the wherle wynde be portion of their parte.

Preuent me in the daie of my tribulacion: and deliuer me out of my diſtreſſes.

Haue mercie vppon me, for I am troubled on euery ſyde: and my ſtrength is decayed through mine iniquitee.

Mine ennemies ſpeake of me muche ſhame and rebuke: and they are holely bent to take my life from me.

The peynes of death compaſſe me rounde about: and the flud-

des

tes of my sines trouble me sore.

The ropes of hel be tied round about me: and I am wrapped in the snares of death: and whithe waie so euer I go, I synde stumblynge blockes, to ouerthrowe me.

Stande vp (O lorde) and punisshe this naughtie people, and delyuer me from my deceitfull enemies.

Here me in the daie of my trybulacion: Let thy mightie name defend me.

For thou arte my fortresse, and my glorie: and beareste vp my weakenes and infirmitie.

Saue me lorde, I beseeche the, that mine enemies preuayle not against me.

Powre oute thy indignacion

vpon them: and let the wrath of thy fury vexe and trouble them.

Let them be confounded for euer: yea let them tremble and perishe togither.

Let thē fal into the depe pit: & neuer be able to rise vp agayne.

That thei may know thy name to bee the lorde of hooſtes onely mightie and high worlde without ende. Amen.

¶ The tenth psalme.

When the enemies be so cruel, that he can not suffre them.

HAue mercie vppon me (O god) for mine ennemie treadeth me vnder his fete: he ceasseth not to assault me, and to do me muche griefe.

He

He alwais coueteth to ſwalowe me vp: for manither be that proudly brag and crake againſt me.

They gather them ſelues together in corners: they watche my ſteppes, how they maie take my ſoule in a trappe.

They be lyke vnto a lyon that is greedy of his praye, and lyke a yong lyon they priuely lye in wayte for me.

They do beſet my wayes, that I ſhoulde not eſcape: they loke and ſtare vpon me to take me in their ſnare.

They haue prepared a net for my feete: they haue digged a deepe pit, that my ſoule myghte fall therin.

Make me ſtrong (O lorde god) by thy might and power: make

my way perfite before the.

Kepe my steppes continually in right pathes, lest perchaunce my feete begin to slyppe.

I am so vexed, that I am vterly werie: healpe me againste them that lie in waite for me.

Make thy mercie to be merueilous in me: & delyuer my soule out of their handes.

Hide me from the company of the wicked, and from the rage of them that worke iniquitie.

Accordyng to thy great mercie quicken me, that now in my sorowe I be not broughte vnder the power of mine ennemy, whiche rageth against me.

Send forth thy lyght and thy trueth, and they shall leade me vnto thy holy hill, and into thy

tabernacles.

Instructe and teache my handes to battaile: make my armes strong like a bowe of steele.

Girde me with strength to battaile: ouerthrowe them that arise against me.

Instruct me in the way, wherin I maie walke: prouide for me by thy ouersyght.

Cast downe mine enemies before my face, and distroy them that hate me.

Lest mine ennemies ouercome me, and the companies of tyrantes ouerwhelme me.

Make my feete to be stedfast: and my pathes streight.

They reioyce and be glad of my fall and declinacion: they be assembled togither against me:

they ſtrike to kil me in the waie
before I may beware of them.
They curſe and ban my woor-
des euery day: and all theyr
thoughtes be ſet to do me harm.
My life is as it wer in the mid-
des of fierſe lyons: whoſe tethe
be lyke vnto ſpeares: and their
tongue lyke a ſharpe ſwearde.
And who ſhal ſtand with me a
gainſt al theſe? or who ſhal ouer
come theſe workes of iniquitie?
They ſhall flee and runne a-
way (O Lord) aſſone as thou re-
bukeſt them: frō the voice of thy
thunder they ſhall run hedlyng.
Which lokeſt vpon the earthe,
& it holely quaketh: which tou-
cheſt the hilles, and they ſmoke:
Iugemēt proceedeth frō thy face,
thine eies do approue equitie.

Kepe

Kepe me (O lorde) from myne aduersaries: and vnder the shadowe of thy wynges defend me.

Judge them that hurte me: fyght agaynste theim that fight with me.

Let theim go backewarde and haue yll lucke, whiche persecute me: put them to shame, that will my hurte.

Make theim to be as duste in the wynde: and let thy aungell vexe and disquiet theim.

Let them vanyshe awaie lyke smoke: and as waxe meltethe with the heate of the fyre, so leat theim perish (O lorde) from thy sight and presence.

Beate them downe, that they be not able to stand: neuer geue ouer, vntil thou haue vtterly di-

ſtroyed them.

Make their waies darke and ſlyppy: and let thine angel fierſly go vpon them.

And thou (O lorde god) haue mercy vpon me: ſend me healpe, and than I ſhalbe able to reſiſte them.

For I am weake and in ſorowe: geue thou me health and ſaluacion.

Let thy hand correcte and chaſtiſe me: but delyuer me not vnto mine enemies.

My ſoule is fylled with the ſcornyng and deriſion that mine ennemyes haue at me: and with the diſpitefullneſſe of the proude.

My ſoule is cleane diſcouraged within me: it groneth & fretеth

in

in it selfe agaynste me: yet wyll I truste in the: for that I shall eftsones geue the thãkes again for the helpe and saluacion that thou sendest me.

For thy very trueth now helpe me, O thou which art my helth, and the hope and comforte of all regions of the earth, and of the maine sea.

Whiche by thy power rulest from the beginnyng: thyne eies beholde all thynges.

What god is ther but thou? who is so stronge as thou oure god?

In thy protection I wil trust: vntyll iniquitie bee passed and gone.

In the, I shalbe stronge and sure for euermore.

¶ The. xi. Psalme.

Of confidence and trust in god.

O Lord, whiche art my lyght and my helthe: of whome shall I be afrayd?

O lorde thou art the strengthe of my lyfe: in the I wyll euer truste.

For like as the herte, (when he is chased) coueteth to the ryuers of water: euen so (O lorde) my soule desyrethe to bee with the.

My soule thyrsteth to be with the: for with the is the fountain of life and recreacion in aduersitie.

Here in this worlde is labour, and peine: calamatie and

miserie.

myserie.

We haue battaile daily with enemies: we haue no rest here so longe as we lyue.

But when soeuer we put oure trust in thy helpe: then we shalbe sure by thy protecciō: satyng vnto the, Thou art our defendour, our refuge, and our god, and in the we truste.

Thou shalte delyuer me from the snares of the hunters: and from the perylles of my persecutours.

Thou shalt make a shadowe for me vnder thy shulders: & vnder thy wynges I shalbe harmlesse.

Thy trueth shalbe my shyelde and buckeler: and no euill shall approche nere vnto me.

And therefore if my ennemies shal

shall warre agaynste me, that they maie deuour me holely: yet I wyll not flee, nor tourne my backe.

Although neuer so stronge enemies shall pitche their tentes agaynst me, my hert shall not be afrayde: if death sodeinly come vpon me, in the, wyll I reste without feare.

Thou shalte hyde me in thy tabernacle, in the time of aduersitie: thou shalte hyde me in some secrete place of thy tente: thou shalte set me vppon a sure rocke.

Thou shalte lifte me vp aboue my ennemies beseigeynge me rounde aboute: and thou shalte delyuer me out of theyr handes.

If I shal walke in the middes of tribulacion, thou shalte kepe me, and shalte stretche forthe thy hande agaynst myne ennemies: and thy ryght hand shall saue me.

O lorde, thou shalte doe and bring to passe al thinges for me, thy mercie endureth euer: thou wylte not dispise thy owne handy worke.

Thou shalte leade me oute of the nette, whiche mine ennemies haue spreade abrode to catche me in: thou shalte take me oute of their pit.

O how great be the good thinges, whiche thou layest vppe in store for theim that feare the: which also thou shewest to them that trust in the, euē in the sight

of

of the childzen of men.

Thou hidest them in the secret place of thy countenaunce from trouble of ennemies: and from their contencions.

O lozde, what a pzecious treasure is thy goodnesse: and men shall trust in thy pzotection.

They shall bee fylled with the plentyfulnesse of thy house: and thou shalt make them dzynke of thy riuer of deinties.

They shall dzynke with the of the fountaine of lyfe, and in thy lyght they shall se lyght.

Thy ryghtuousnesse is as the hyghest mountaynes: and thy iudgementes be lyke vnto the depe bottomles waters.

Thy mercie stretcheth vp to the heauens: and thy trueth ascendeth

tendeth vp to the same.

O lorde god, thou haste euer from age to age, ben our refuge and succour.

Before the foundacions of the earth were leide, without beginnyng and endyng thou art god. O my god, thou hast helped me euer from my youthe: and vntil my olde age and last dayes forsake me not.

I wil acknowlage, that I haue all my strengthe of the, for thou arte my protection, my god, and my sauiour.

And therefore what tyme so euer I shall be afrayed: I wyll trust in the.

What tyme soeuer I shall call vppon the: I knowe that thou arte my god.

Kepe

Kepe thy mercy for me alwais: and the couenant that thou haſt made with me, lette it be ſurely perfourmed.

And if I haue ſwarued from thy lawe, and not walked in thy iudgementes,

If I haue broken thy ſtatutes, and tranſgreſſed thy comaundementes:

Then with thy rodde viſyte myne offentes: and with ſtripes correcte my treſpaſſes.

But take not thy mercie awaie from me, nor let not thy promyſe be void and of none effect.

Breake not the couenant that thou haſte made with me, and chaunge not that which hath iſſued out of thy mouth.

For in the (O god) our helthe and

and glorie dothe consiste, thou art our helper in whome we do euer trust.

And this is certaine, that all they, whiche truste in the, shall not be confounded.

For who is he that hath trusted in the, and is confounded? or who hath called vpon the, & thou haste dispised him?

For thy naine sake (O lorde) thou forgeuest our synnes, although they be manie and greuous.

Thou arte a sure stay to theim that dread the: and shewest them thy testament.

And vnto the I crye (O lorde) & I beleue, that thou wilte saue me, for thy great mercies sake.

Thou shalte redeme my soule

in peace fro in the wrath, whiche is to come in the last day.

I will offre vp to the sacrifice of laude and praise: and I will rendre vp my vowes to the, whiche arte the highest.

The wicked watche and loke to distroye me: but I truste in thy mercie.

Thou arte my protectoure, and my buckeler: my god, my strength, my refuge, and delyuerer.

I tarye and looke for healpe from the (O lorde) blessed is the man that trusteth in the.

O lorde, what great pleasures thou haste prepared for me in heauen: that I shulde delite in no earthly thyng but in the?

My moste pleasure is to cleaue

fast

fast vnto the: and in the to sette my hope and truste.

I committe my spirite into thy handes: deliuer me frome the powers of darckenesse of this worlde. Amen.

¶ The twelfthe psalme.

If god deferre to helpe long time.

O My god, my god, why forsakest thou me? why lokest not vpon my necessitee?

Shal thy mercie faile for euer? wilt thou neuer be pleased more?

Howe longe wilt thou be miscontented with me, O lorde? wilt thou kēdil thine angre throughly as it were fire?

Whan wilte thou haue any regarde to deliuer my soule? to delyuer my life frome distruc-

 cion

cion of ennemies.

Howe longe shall I crye, and thou wilte not here? howe long shall I make exclamacion for verie peine, and thou wilte not saue me?

O lorde god of hostes, howe longe wilte thou be angry with the praiers of thy seruant?

Come againe vnto me (O god my sauiour) and take awaye thine indignacion againste me.

When thou arte tourned (O lorde) thou shalte restore all thynges agayne: and he that was in sadnesse before, shal take ioye and comforte of the.

Let thy hand be to helpe man, whiche is thy handie woorke, whome thou haste exalted and magnified to set forth thy glory

Wyne

My ennemies liue welthyly and are strong: and they whiche hate me, encrease and go forwarde daiely.

They dispraise & set at naught my counsayle, because I take god for my hope and comforte.

They saie to me daiely, Thou trustest in god, let hym delyuer the, and saue the: if so be that he beare loue and fauour towardes the.

They leape at me as it were so many dogges: the companies of the wicked barke at me: thei be set my handes and fete round about.

O lorde, go not farre awaie from me: thou art my strength make spede to helpe me.

Delyuer my soule from death,

turne my waie from the rage of dogges.

Kepe me out of the mouthe of lions: and saue me frome the deepe lake.

Thou arte bothe holie and stronge, and no man is able to resyste the, whan thy angre is great and feruent.

Who shall not feare the (O lorde?) or whiche of all princes shall not obey the?

The earth trembleth and quaket for feare of thyne angre: and the people shall not be able to abide thy thretnyng.

Helpe me, O lorde god my sauiour: and for the glorie of thy name deliuer me: and forgeue my trespasses.

For I doe vtter and expresse

mine

myne iniquitee vnto the: and my ſynne greeueth me verate ſore.

Aryſe vp (O lorde) and helpe me: and deliuer me for thy mercies ſake.

O God, my refuge, and my ſtrengthe, whiche haſte been euer a greatte healpe in tribulacion.

Thou diddeſt receiue me into thy tuicion, whan I came out of my mothers wombe, and thou waſte my healper, whan I ſucked my mothers breaſtes.

I was lefte to the as ſoone as I was borne, euen from my mothers wombe, thou arte my God.

Withdrawe not thy ſelfe farre awaie from me: for tribulacion

is nere at hande, and there is none that can helpe me.

Mine enneinies compasse me round about: my persecutours besiege me on euery syde.

And I am feeble and weake and sore broken: the peine of my herte maketh me to grone and syghe.

I am as the water that is cast forth: my strength is gone and vtterly dried vp, as it were a tile stone.

Haue mercy vpon me (O lord) haue mercy vppon me: and impute not my synnes vnto me, whiche I haue done by foly.

Remembre not my sinnes passed, let thy mercies preuēt them: for I am in a merueilous wretched case.

I am

I am wekened and cleane out worne: and go mournyng euery daie.

And now (O lorde) what loke I after? verily my soule loketh to the for helpe.

Shewe nowe and declare thy goodnesse to me, and withholde not thy helpe from me.

My soule is replenished with troubles and aduersitees, and draweth nere vnto dethes dore.

I am in great pouertee and nede, and my hert is sore troubled within me.

Cast me not awaie in the time of my moste necessitee: and now whan my strength fayleth me, fatle not thou me, O lorde.

Deliuer me from mine ennemies: and make me not a mock-

kyng ſtocke to theim, that teſte and raile vpon me.

Saue me from theſe roꝛyng lions redy to deuoure, and from the handes of theim that wolde haue my life from me.

I do crie to the (O loꝛde) foꝛ thou art my hope, and my poꝛcion in the lande of liuers.

Bꝛing my ſoule out of pꝛiſon, & ſet my feete in a place, where I maie walke at libertee.

Turne not thy face away from me, leaſt I bee made lyke vnto theim that diſcende into the pit.

Geue eare vnto my pꝛayers, foꝛ I am puniſhed and bꝛought very lowe.

Deliuer me from my perſecutours: foꝛ they be muche ſtronger than I.

O loꝛd

O lord, here me spedily: lest my spirite faile within me.

Deliuer my soule out of trouble, and in thy mercy distroy all mine ennemies.

And make them to perish, whiche wolde distroy me: for I am thy seruant. Amen.

¶ The thirtenth psalme.

In which he geueth thankes to god that his enemies haue not gotten the ouerhande of hym.

I Will magnifie and preise the (O lorde god) for thou haste exalted me and sette me vp: and my ennemies haue not gotten the ouerhande of me.

O lorde of hostes, I haue cried vnto the: & thou hast saued me.

Thou

Thou hast brought my soule out of hell: thou hast holden me vp frome fallyng into the deepe lake, frome whense no man retourneth.

Thou hast not closed me vp in the handes of myne enemies: but thou hast sette my feete in a place bothe wyde and broade.

I haue sought the, & thou hast herde me: thou hast brought me into libertie out of great distres.

Thou haste turned my sorowe into gladnesse: thou hast ceassed my mournyng, and compassed me round about with mirth.

Thou hast declared thy great magnificence in healpynge thy seruaunt.

Thou haste dooen mercifully with me in my miseries.

Thou

Thou haſt regarded the peine of the pooze: thou haſt not turned awaie thy face from me.

I will euer be ſinging and ſpekyng of thy mercies: and I wil publiſhe to other thy fidelitee & trueth ſo long as I ſhall liue.

My mouth ſhall neuer ceſſe to ſpeke of thy ryghteouſneſſe, & of thy benefites: whiche be ſo many, that I can not numbze them

But I will geue the thankes till death take me away: I will ſyng in the pzaiſe of the, ſo long as I ſhall continue.

I will triumphe and reioyce in thy mercie, foz ỹ thou haſt loked vpon my neceſſities, & regarded my ſoule in my greatte diſtreſſe.

Thou haſt ben my ſure refuge, and the ſtrengthe of my truſte,

and

and hope.

I thanke the lord for thy goodnesse alwai: and for thy exceding mercie.

Thou hast been my comfort in the tyme of my trouble, thou haste ben mercifull vnto me (O lorde) and haste reuenged the wronges, that myne ennemies haue done to me.

Accoording to the multitude of the heauy thoughtes that I had in my mind, thy comfortes haue chired and lightned my hert.

Thou hast sent me nowe ioy for the dayes wherin I was in sorowe: & for the yeres in whom I suffred many a peinfull storme.

Thou haste called to remembraunce the rebuke that thy seruant hath ben put to: and howe

furiously

furiously myne ennemies haue persecuted me.

O lorde god of hoostes, who maie be cõpared vnto the? thou art great & greatly to be preised.

Thou arte high vpon all the earthe, thou arte exalted farre aboue all goddes.

Glorie and honour before thy face: holinesse and magnificence in thy sanctuarie.

With iustice and iudgement thy royall throne is stablished: mercie and trueth go before thy face.

Blessed art thou (O lorde) whiche haste not holden backe thy mercie from thy seruaunt.

After that I had longe loked for the (O lorde) at the last thou diddest attende vnto me, and hear-

hardest my crye.

Thou hast taken me out of the lake of miserie: and set my feete vppon a rocke, and made my steppes sure.

Thou hastegeuen me my desire: I haue seen thy ioyefull countenaunce.

Thou hast stricken all my aduersaries, and hast abated their strength.

Thou hast rebuked the rablement of theim that vexed me: and hastepluckedme furthe of their handes.

Thou hastecastetheim headlynge into their owne pitte: their fete bee wrapped in the nette, whiche they laide priuily for me.

Myne ennemies are reculed

backe

backe: they ar fallen down and distroied from thy sight.

Thou hast been the poze mans defence, and his helper in tribulacion, whan most nede was.

Thou haste done iudgemente foz me: thou haste defended my cause against my accusars.

And although thou were very angry with me a lyttell whyle: yet nowe I lyue thozoughe thy mercy and goodnes.

Uerylie I supposed with my selfe, that I was cleane caste away out of thy fauour.

But thou hast heard my pzayers: and accozdyng to thy great mercy haste taken me againe into thy fauour.

O lozd, of thine owne mind and wyll thou hast geuen strengthe

vnto my ſoule: but when thou hydeſte thy face frome me (O lorde) howe greatly was I aſtonied?

When I was in aduerſitte, then I cryed vnto the: and thou dyddeſt aunſwere me: when my ſoule was in great angupſche and trouble, then (O lorde) I did remembre the.

I haue taſted and ſene howe ſwete thou arte: truely bleſſed is that man that truſteth in the.

Accordyng to thy name, ſo is thy commendacion and prayſe: but thy counſailes touchyng vs be without exaumple, and greater then can with woordes be expreſſed.

Dominion, power, and glory be thyne: for thou haſt made all thyn-

thynges: and because thy wyll is so: thei do stil continue.

Thy name be blessed, praysed, and magnified bothe nowe and euer and worlde withoute ende. AMEN.

The fourtene psalme.

In whiche the goodnes of god is praysed

O LORDE our gouernour, how wonderful is thy mateſtie throughe oute the whole worlde: whiche hast set thy glory aboue all the heauens.

What is man that thou magnifyeſt hym so greatly: or the ſonne of man that thou doeſt viſite him:

O lorde, thou arte great and

 muche

muche to be prayſed in thy holy hyll.

Praiſe be vnto the (O lorde god) let our vowes made to the be alwaies perfourmed.

Confeſſion and magnificence are thy woorke: and thy righteouſenes cõtinueth for euermore.

Thou haſte done many thynges (O lorde god) both meruailous and great: and ther is none that can be lyke vnto the in thy woorkes.

Thy wayes be iuſte and true, who wyll not feare and dreade the, and magnifie thy name?

I thanke the (O lorde god) with all my hearte: and I wyll halowe thy name for euer.

O lorde, thou art my ſtrength and my prayſe: Thou haſte brought

brought downe myne ennemies whiche arte a iudge euen from the begynnyng.

Thy righte hande is exceding stronge: thy ryghte hand wooz=keth many great actes.

Thyne arme is myghtie and stronge, and because it hath ple=sed the, thou haste strengthened mine infirmitie.

I wyll prayse thy greatte and dreadefulle name: foz it is holy.

Althoughe I haue fallen, yet I am not cruschede in pieces: foz thou hast susteined my hand.

I haue opened and shewed my way vnto the: and in the I haue trusted, and thou at lengthe hast accomplished my delyres.

Thou hast broken the heades of myne enemies, and hast made them to stoupe: whiche walked proudely in their sinnes.

Thou haste dominion ouer their power, and whan they bee exalted and sette aloste in their wayes, thou abatest their courage, and dystroyest theim with thy myghtie arme.

In thy name I wyll euer reioyce, and in thy mercie is all my glorie.

Thou louest righteousnesse and iudgement: the earth is replenyshed with thy mercy.

Thy eye loketh fauourably vpon theym that dreade the, and trust in thy mercie.

There shall no good thyng be lackyng to theim that seeke the,

and

and they that feare the, shall not be helpelesse.

For thou dost order their wayes, and heerest them whan they crye vnto the.

That thou mayst deliuer their soules from death: & swage their peines whan thei be greued.

For thou helpest theym, whose hertes be broken with sorowe: and beerest vppe with thy hand theym that be contryte in spyrite.

Thou sauest the soules of thy seruauntes, and all they that trust in the, shal not be distroied

Wherfore my tonge shal singe thy prayse (O lorde god) I will alwaies magnifie the.

I wyll loue the (O lorde) whiche arte my strengthe, my staye,

my myght, my sauiour, and my refuge.

My god, my defender, and my buckeler, the strength of my saluacion, and my suppozter.

After that I had called vppon the with due laude and prayse, thou haste saued me from myne enemies.

When I was in trouble I called vpon the, thou hast hard my voyce oute of thy holy temple, and my crye hath entred vp into thine eares.

Thou hast saued me from mine aduersaries, that rose vp ageist me: thou hast delyuered me from wicked enemies.

Thou hast taken me from the company of euill men, and mine eye hath sene vpō mine enemies

the

the thynges that I desyred.

And therfore if it chuld fortune me to passe thrughe the darke vale of death: I wyll go without feare: for thou wilte be with me, thy rod and thy staffe shall comfort me.

Thou shalte deliuer me from tribulacion: thou shalt kepe me from them which seke to distroy me.

Mine eyes be vppon the (O lorde) for thou shalte bryng my fete fourth of the snare.

Unto the (O lorde god) I wil perfourme my vowes, I wyll geue the thankes both now and euermore, and worlde without ende. Amen:

The fiftenth psalme.

Of the benefites of god, with thankes for the same.

My soule prayseth the (O lorde) and all that is within me prayseth thy holy name.

My soule geueth the humble thankes, and thy benefyttes I wyll neuer forget.

Which forgeuest al my synnes: and healest all my infirmities.

Whiche haste saued my lyfe from destruccion: and shewed in me thy grace and mercie.

Whiche haste satisfied my desire with good thynges, and shalte ones restore my youthe agayne.

Thou hast entreated me mercyfully at all tymes, and hast reuenged me of mine ennemies.

Thou

Thou haſte been a defence to me (O lord) and a ſure foundacion of my wealthe.

Thou haſte guyded me with thy counſayll, and taken me to the, throughe thy mercie.

Thou haſte many wayes declared in me thy great myghte and power, and after thyne angre hath been paſte, thou haſte turned again and comforted me

Thou haſt ſent me many greuous troubles, but atthe length thou haſt brought me out of the bottomles depeneſſe.

Thou haſt made me priuie to thy wayes, and haſt not hyd thy counſailes from me.

Thou art full of mercie and grace (O lorde) ſlowe to wrath, and ready to goodnes.

Thy

Thy displeasure lasteth not alwaie, & thou kepeste not backe thy mercyes in thyne angre for euer.

Thou rewardest vs not accordyng to our synnes, nor punyshest vs accordynge to oure desertes.

Loke howe hye the heauen is in comparyson of the earthe: so gret is thy mercy towardes vs.

Howe farre as the easte is distant from the weast: so farre (O lorde) remoue oure synnes from vs.

Lyke as a natural father hath pitie vpon his chyldrene: euen so (O lorde god) thou haste had compassion vpon vs.

Thou hast not forgotten thy creature: thou remembrest that

we

we ar fleſhe, yea all men liuyng.
And that thage of men is lyke vnto graſſe, and may be compared to the flowres in the fielde:
Whiche as ſone as the ſharpe wynde hath blowen vpon theim with his blaſtes, wyther awaie and dye, ſo that no man can tell where they did growe.
But thy mercy (O lorde) and thy louyng kyndneſſe is alwais vpon them that feare the: & thy righteouſneſſe endureth euer.
So that we kepe our promyſe and couenaunt with the: and ſo remembre thy commaundementes, that we do them in dede.
O lorde, thou haſte ſtablyſhed thy throne in heauen: and thou gouerneſt all thynges by thyne imperiall power.

I will magnifie the (O god) and prayse thy name world with out end.

I wyll geue the thankes alwaie, and make thy name glorious for euer.

O lorde, thou art puissant and great: and thy magnificence is vnserchea ble.

One generacion shall shewe to an nother thy woorkes, and thei shall declare thine auncient noble actes.

They shall euer praise the magnificence of the glory of thy holines, & the memorie of thy great goodnes.

For thou arte good and gracious to all men, and thy mercie excedeth all thy woorkes.

The eies of all men beholde and

and wayte vpon the: that thou shouldest geue theim their sustenaunce in tyme conuenient.

Thou openest thine hand, and fillest euery liuing creature with fode necessary.

O lorde, thou art ryghtful in all thy waies, and holy in al thy dedes.

Thou kepest all theym, that loue the, and the torment of malice shall not touche them.

My mouthe shall speake thy glory and prayse, and all lyuing creatures shall honour thy holy name for euer.

Prayse the lorde, O ye his aungels, myghtie in power, whiche do his commaundementes, and obey the voice of his worde.

Prayse ye all togyther god,

O ye

O ye, all his hooſtes, you his miniſters, that do his wyll and pleaſure.

Prayſe the lorde as I do, and let vs magnifie his name to gether.

Prayſe the lorde, O ye all hys ſaynctes, for his name is glorioufe, and his prayſe goeth aboue bothe heauen and earth.

Prayſe the lorde together, O ye, all his workes, euery thyng that liueth, prayſe the LORDE.

AMEN.

FINIS. XV. PSALMORVM.

The

The .xxi. psalme of Dauid.

The complaint of Christe on the Crosse.



Y GOD, MY god, why haste thou forsaken me: it semeth that I shall not obteyne deliueraunce, though I seke for it with loude crpes.

My god, I will crye all the day longe, but thou wilt not answere: and all the night longe, without takyng any rest.

The meane tyme thou moste holiest, semest to sute still, not caryng for the thynges that I suffre: whiche so oft haste helped me heretofore, and hast geuen

to thy people Israell, sufficient argument and matier to prayse the with songes, wherwith they haue geuen thankes to the for thy benefites.

Our forefathers were wonte to put their trust in the: and as often as they did so, thou didest deliuer them.

As ofte as they cryed for helpe to the, they were deliuered: as ofte as they committed theim selfe to the, they were not put to any shame.

But as for me, I seeme rather to be a worme than a man: the donghill of Adam: the outcast of the vulgar people.

As manie as haue seene me: haue laughed me to scorne, and reuiled me, and shakyng their

heades

heades in derision at me: haue cast me in the tethe saiyng:

He is wonte to boste and glorie, that he is in greatte fauour with god: wherefore lette god nowe deliuer him, if he loue him so well.

By thy procurement (O lord) I came oute of my mothers wombe: and thou gauest me good comforte: euen whan I sucked my mothers breastes.

Thorough thy meanes I came into this worlde: and assoone as I was borne, I was lefte to thy tuicion: yea thou wast my god, whan I was yet in my mothers wombe.

Wherefore go not farre awaye frome me: For daungier is

euen nowe at hande, and I see no man that will helpe me.

Many buls haue closed me in, both strong and fatte, they haue compassed me rounde about.

They haue opened their mouthe agaynst me, like vnto a lion that gapeth vpon his praye, and rozeth foz hunger.

I am powred out like water, and all my limmes loosed one frome the other, and my herte is melted within me as it were waxe.

All my strength is gone and dried vp like vnto a tile stone, my tonge cleaueth to the roofe of my mouth: and at the last I shall be buried in the earth as the deade be wonte.

Foz dogges haue compassed me

me rounde about: and the moſt wicked haue conſpired againſt me, they haue made holes thorough my handes and my feete.

I was ſo vngentilly entreated of theim, that I might eaſilye numbre all my bones: and after all the peyne and torment that they dyd to me, with greeuous countenaunce they ſtared and loked vpon me.

They deuided my clothes emonge theim, and caſte lot for my cote.

Wherfore lorde, I beſeche the, go not farre from me: but for as muche as thou arte my power and my ſtrengthe, make haſte to helpe me.

Deliuer my ſoule from daungier of the ſwerde, and kepe my

 life

like destitute of all mans helpe, from the violence of the dogge.

Saue me from the mouthe of the lion, and take me frome the hornes of the vnicornes.

I will shew vnto my bretherne the maiestee of thy name: and whan the people is most assembled together, I wyll praise and set furthe thy most worthy actes and deedes.

All that worship the lord, preise hym, all the posteritee of Iacob magnifie hym, all ye that be of the stocke of Israell, with reuerence serue and honour hym.

For he hathe not dispised and set at naught the poore man, because of his miserie: nor he hath not disdainfully tourned awaie his face from hym: but rather

as

as soone as the poore man cried vnto him for helpe, he heard him by and by.

I will preise the with my songes openlie in a multitude of people, and I will performe my vowes in the syght of them that honour the.

The poore shall eate and bee satisfied: they shall preise the lorde, that studie to please hym: and as manie of you as continue stil suche, your hertes shall liue.

All the endes of the worlde shall consider these thinges and be tourned to the lorde: and all heathen nacions shall submitte them selfe, and doe homage vnto the.

For the lorde hath a power royall, and an imperiall dominion ouer the heathen.

The moſt mightie and greateſt of all theym that dwelle on the earthe haue eaten, and after that they haue taſted the ſpirituall giftes of the lorde, they haue ſubmitted theym ſelfe, and made humble ſuite vnto hym: yea and all the dead, whiche are buried in the earthe, ſhall knele and make reuerence in his honoure: becauſe he hath not diſdayned to ſpende his owne life for theim.

Thei that ſhall come after vs, ſhall honour and ſerue hym.

Theſe thinges ſhalbe written of the lorde, that our poſteritee maie know & vnderſtand them.

That

That thei also maie come and shewe these thynges to the people that shall be borne of them, that the lorde hath dooen these thynges, whiche bee so meruailous.

A psalme of thankes geuyng.

Iubilate deo omnis terra.

REioyce and syng in the honour of the lord, all ye that liue on earth.

Worshyp and serue the lorde with gladnesse, come into his syght and presence with ioy and mirth.

Acknowlage you, and confesse, that the lorde is that god, whiche hath created and made

vs, for truely we made not our selfe, but we be his people and his flocke, whiche he nourisheth and fedeth continually.

Go ye thrughe his gates to geue him thankes for the innumerable benefyttes, whiche ye haue receyued of hym: and to syng thorough his courtes his worthy actes and deedes: praise hym, and highly commende his name.

For the lorde is bothe good and gracious, and his mercie is infinite: he is moste constaunt in keppng of his promisses, not to one generacion onely, but euen to all.

A praier

A prayer for the kynge.

O Lorde Jesu Christe, moste high, moste mightie, kyng of kynges, lorde of lordes, the onely rular of princes, the very sonne of god, on whose ryghte hande syttyng, dooest from thy throne beholde all the dwellers vpon earth: with mooste lowly hertes we beseche the, vouchesafe with fauourable regard to behold our most gracious souereigne lorde kyng Edwarde the syxte, and so replenysche hym with the grace of thy holy spirite, that he alway incline to thy wil, and walke in thy way. Kepe hym farre of from ignorauunce, but through thy gifte, leat prudence and knowlage alwaie abound

bound in his royall hert. So in-
ſtructe hym (O LORD IESV)
reygnyng vpon vs in erth, that
his humaine maieſtee, alway o-
bey thy diuine maieſtee in feare
and dzede. Indue him plentiful-
ly with heauenly geftes. Grant
him in health and welth long to
liue. Heape glozie and honoure
vpon hym. Glad hym with the
ioye of thy countenaunce. So
ſtrengthe hym, that he maie
vanquiſhe and ouercome
all his and our foes,
and be dzead and
feared of al the
ennemies of
his realme.
AMEN.

A prayer for men to take entryng into battaile.

O Almighty kyng and lorde of hostes, whiche by thy angels, there vnto appointed, doest minister bothe warre and peace: and whiche diddest geue vnto Dauid both courage and strengthe, beyng but a litle one, vnarmed, and vnexpert in feates of warre, with his slyng to set vpon, and ouerthrowe the great huge Goliath: our cause nowe being iuste, and being inforced to entre into warre and battaile, we mooste humbly beseche the (O lord god of hostes) so to turne the hertes of our ennemies to the desire of peace, that

that no christen bloud be spilte: or els graunt (O lord) that with smalle effusion of bloud, and to the litle hurt and domage of innocentes, we maie to thy glorie optayne victorie: and that the warres beyng soone ended, we maie all with one herte and mind, knit togither in concorde and vnitie, laude and praise the, which liuest and reignest worlde without ende.

AMEN.



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in Fleteſtrete by Thomas Ber=
thelet, the ſeconde of Ju=
ly, the yere of our lorde.
M. D. XL=
VIII.

Cum priuilegio ad impri=
mendum ſolum.

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